

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry Takes a Tango Lesson

THE idea originated with Bunch Jefferson. You can always count on Bunch having a few freak ideas in the belfry where he keeps his butter-lies.

Bunch and his wife, Alice, live out in Westchester county, about half a mile from Uncle Peter's bungalow, where friend wife and I are spending the winter.

The fact that Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha had decided to give us a party was the inspiration for Bunch's brilliant idea.

"Listen, John," he machiavellied; "not one of this push out here knows a thing about the tango. Most of them have a foolish idea that it's a wicked institution invented by the devil who sold his patent rights to the Evil-Doers association. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do, John: We'll put them wise. We'll take about two lessons from a good instructor in town and on the night of the party we'll make the hit of our lives teaching them all to tango. Are you James to the possibilities?"

"It listens like a good spiel," I agreed; "but will a couple of lessons be enough for us?"

"Sure," he came back; "we're not a couple of Patsys with the pump! We can learn enough in two lessons to make good in this boob community. Why, we'll start a tango craze out here that will put life and ginger in the whole outfit and presently they'll be putting up statues in our honor." Well, to make a long story lose its cunning, we made arrangements next day with Ikey Schwartz, dancing instructor, to explain the mysteries of this modern home-wrecking proposition known as the tango, and paid him in advance the sum of \$100.

We made an appointment to meet Ikey at his "studio" for our first lesson the following afternoon. Then we hiked for home on the 4:14, well pleased with our investment and its promise of golden returns.

That night Bunch and Alice were over to our place for dinner. After dinner Bunch and I sat down by the log fire in the Dutch room, filled our faces with Havana panatellas and proceeded to enjoy life in silence.

"Leave everything to me," Bunch growled as we shaved our hats and Indianified to a trough.

"A quart of Happydays," Bunch ordered. "How about it, Ikey?"

Ikey flashed a grin and tried to swallow his palate, so it wouldn't interfere with the wet spell suggested by Bunch. Ikey belonged to the "dis, dose and dem" push.

Every long sentence he uttered was full of splintered grammar.

There was surely something wrong with Ikey's switchboard, because he could wrap his system around more Indian laughing juice without getting lit up than any other man in the world.

But Ikey was the compliments of the season, all right, all right.

The luncheon had been ordered and Bunch was just about to switch the conversation around to the subject of rebates when suddenly his eyes took on the appearance of saucers and, tapping me on the arm, he gasped, "Lock!"

I looked and beheld Peaches, Alice and Aunt Martha sailing over in our direction.

With a whispered admonition to Bunch to keep Ikey still I went forward to meet friend wife, her aunt and Alice.

They were as much surprised as I was.

"It was such a delightful day that Aunt Martha couldn't resist the temptation to do a little shopping," Peaches rattled on; "and then we decided to come here for a bit of luncheon—hello, Bunch! I'm so glad to see you! John, hadn't we better take another table so that your friendly conference may not be interrupted?"

I hastened to assure Peaches that it wasn't a conference at all. We had met Mr. Schwartz quite by accident. Then I introduced Ikey to the ladies.

He got up and did something that was supposed to be a bow, but you couldn't tell whether he was tying his shoe or coming down a stepladder.

After they had ordered club sandwiches and coffee I explained to Peaches and the others that Mr. Schwartz was a real estate dealer. Ikey began to swell up at once.

cers. Uncle Peter has a perfect horror of these modern dances and Peaches and Alice and I share it with him." Then she turned to Ikey, "Don't you think these modern dances are perfectly disgusting?"

Poor Ikey looked reproachfully at the old lady a second, then with gathering astonishment he slid silently off the chair and struck the floor with a bump.

Aunt Martha was so rattled over this unexpected effort on Mr. Schwartz's part that she upset her coffee and Ikey got most of it in the back of the neck.

When peace was finally restored the old lady came to the surface with an envelope which had been lying on the table near her plate.

"Is this your letter, John?" she asked, and then arranging her glasses, read with great deliberation: "Mr. I. Schwartz, Tango Teacher, Care of Kumerly and Staylates Cabaret, New York."

Peaches and Alice went into the ice business right away quick.

Aunt Martha in pained surprise looked at me and then at Bunch and



"Ikey Tried to Bend a Society Double."

finally focused a steady beam of interrogation upon the countenance of Mr. Schwartz.

Ikey never whimpered.

Then Bunch took the letter from the open-eyed Aunt Martha and leaped to the rescue while I came out of the trance slowly.

"It's too bad Mr. Schwartz forgot his ear trumpet," Bunch said quickly and Ikey was wise to the tip in a minute.

Peaches sniffed suspiciously and I knew she had the gloves on.

"Mr. Schwartz's affliction is terrible," she said with a chill in every word. "How did you converse with him before our arrival?"

"Oh, he understands the lip language and can talk back on his fingers," I hastened to explain, looking hard at Ikey, whose masklike face gave no token that he understood what was going on.

"I thought I understood you to say Mr. Schwartz is a real estate dealer," Peaches continued, while the thermometer went lower and lower.

"So he is," I replied.

"Then why does his correspondent address him as a tango teacher?" friend wife said slowly, and I could hear the icebergs grinding each other all around me.

"I think I can explain that," Bunch put in quietly. Then with the utmost deliberation he looked Ikey in the eye and said, "Mr. Schwartz, it's really none of my business, but would you mind telling me why you, a real estate dealer, should have a letter in your possession which is addressed to you as a tango teacher? Answer me on your fingers."

Ikey delivered the goods. In a minute he had both paws working overtime and such knuckle twisting no mortal man ever indulged in before.

"He says," Bunch began to interpret, "that the letter is not his. It is intended for Isadore Schwartz, a wicked cousin of his who is a victim of the cabaret habit. Mr. Schwartz is now complaining bitterly with his fingers because his letters and those intended for his renegade cousin become mixed almost every day. These mistakes are made because the initials are identical. He also says that he—hopes—the presence—of—this—particular—letter—in—his—possession—does—not—offend—the—ladies because—while—it—is—addressed—to—a—tango—teacher—the—contents—are—quite—harmless—being—but—a—small—bill—from—the—dentist."

Ikey's fingers kept on working nervously as though he felt it his duty to wear them out, and the perspiration rolled off poor Bunch's forehead.

"I'm afraid we'll miss the 5:15 train if we don't hurry," said Peaches, and I could see that the storm was over, although she still glanced suspiciously at poor Ikey.

"And, Bunch, you and John can come home with us now, can't you?" Alice asked as they started to float for the door.

Then Ikey cut it as we started to follow the family parade, "I'm hep to the situation. It's a cutey, take it from little Ikey. I'll have to charge you \$8 for the sudden attack of deafness; then there's \$19 for hardships sustained by my finger joints while conversing. The rest of the hundred iron men I'm going to keep as a souvenir of two good-natured ginks who wouldn't know what to do with a tango if they had one."

As we pulled out of the Mayonnaise I looked back at Ikey to thank him with a farewell nod.

He was half way under the table, holding both hands to his sides and making funny faces at the carpet.

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GALICIAN JEWS RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES



In the rear of the German army which triumphantly made its entry into Galicia and Russia were thousands of Jewish refugees who had fled from their homes before the soldiers of the czar. Believing that they would be permitted to enjoy privileges under the Germans which were denied them under the rule of the czar, the Jews looked upon the triumph of the German forces as another of the blessings heaped upon the "Children of Israel."

NEWS GOES TO NAVY

Sailors in Distant Waters Get Day's Events.

Two Hundred Word Message Is Sent by Radio Every Evening to Warships—New Joy in Baseball Results.

Washington.—Even the oldest inhabitant of Port au Prince, Haiti, can't remember the time before now when the Haitian tropics received the baseball scores every evening.

Somehow one doesn't associate the thought of the blue Caribbean and scorching semi-equatorial sunshine with the thought of "New York, 4; Pittsburgh, 6." But it's an actual fact, just the same.

Not only baseball scores, but the latest word about the kaiser and the war penetrate the tropical evenings. The officers and men of Uncle Sam's warships in West Indian waters are now able to learn of the things going on at home and abroad.

Every night the day's news is boiled down to 200 words and is telegraphed to the naval wireless station at Key West, Fla. Then the wireless sparks begin to jump and out over the gulf, the Caribbean and the South Atlantic flashes the news "from home."

Capt. W. H. Bullard, superintendent of the naval radio service, is the man who conceived the idea, and through his suggestion Secretary Daniels obtained the co-operation of a news agency and a telegraph company. Only officers and sailors who are thousands of miles from home, in strange waters by strange shores, can fully appreciate the value of a service of this kind.

The men are more interested in the baseball scores of the National and American leagues than in any other point of the day's news. The latest boiler explosion west of Pittsburgh, however, gets their avid interest.

The naval radio service looks upon the idea as a great development of its resources. For several years the service has been sending out the official Washington time through the Arlington (Va.) station and the radio station at Darien, in the Canal zone. This time flash has been sent broadcast over the continental United States, neighborhood waters and distant American dependencies.

Not long ago some 200 jewelers informed Secretary Daniels that they had equipped themselves with radio apparatus just to catch this twice daily time flash from Washington. Time signals are said to be of immense benefit to vessels on the high seas, which now possess for the first

KING OF ITALY BUSY



King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is seen (man wearing military cap) in conference with two of the most prominent citizens and the priest of the hamlet of Aquileia, an ancient Roman town about three miles outside Montefalcone, which was recently wrested from the Austrians by the Italians.

THUMB OFF, WALKS 7 MILES

Minnesota Man Permits Doctor to Scrape Wound and Sew on Severed Member.

Orth, Minn.—While Torger Nessel, a homesteader, three miles west of here, was cutting out some new high way for this county the ax slipped and the thumb of his left hand was cut off. Picking up the dismembered part he wrapped it in a piece of paper and walked to the nearest doctor at Northome, seven miles away.

Without the use of anesthetics he permitted the doctor to scrape the wound and sew on the severed thumb.

ENDS GRASS HOUSE

Passes Away With Indians' March Toward Progress.

Relics of Red Man's Former History Disappear as He Adopts the Architecture of the White Man—Examples of Patience.

Chickasha, Okla.—The grass houses in which the Wichita Indians lived were, until a few years ago, one of the most common sights of the reservation in Caddo county, 18 miles west of this city, but they are being rapidly displaced by the white man's house. At the present time there are only four left in the entire reservation.

These grass houses represent Indian ingenuity, patience and skill perhaps more than any other relic remaining of their wild life on the prairie. They were built by the squaws and took months of preparation before they were ready for occupancy, but when finished offered the Indian warrior a secure retreat against all kinds of weather.

The squaws commenced their work early in spring by selecting a number of tall young trees that would serve as poles. Usually elm or pecan trees were chosen. They were stripped of bark, sharpened at one end and laid in the sun to season during the summer and fall. The bark was torn into strips and put to dry.

When this was done the squaws' work was finished for a time. When fall came they would go along the swamps and rivers where the grass grows tall, strong and wiry, and would collect bundle after bundle of this grass just as it began to dry.

After the grass was all collected it was made into bundles, all of the same size, and all packed as solid as wood, so as to resist the rains and snows of winter. Then the squaws were ready to begin the actual building of the home.

The first step was for the Indian brave to decide just where he wished his new home to stand. When this was decided on, the squaws drew a large ring just the size that the new house would be when completed, and in this ring they set the poles, three feet apart.

The poles were all brought together at the top in the center of the house and securely lashed together with strips of bark. Outside of this frame was covered with a network of bark strips to hold the poles secure in their places and to form a foundation upon which to fasten the grass.

Then the tedious work began. The bundles of grass were fastened to these strips so close together that it was impossible for any rain to pass through and the Indian might feel himself safe from any storm.

The last stage of the house was the hanging of the door. It was made in the same way as the rest of the house, and was in a separate piece hung from the top of a hole cut for a doorway.

A hole was also cut in the south side of the house to carry off the smoke from the fireplace, which consisted of a deep hole dug in the exact center of the house. When this was all done the house was completed.

With plenty of help from sister squaws the mistress of the house was able to finish her home within three weeks after the work of putting it together actually began.

MRS. RICHARD HOOD COLE



Mrs. Richard Hood Cole, wife of the man who is in Washington as a personal representative of General Carranza is of eastern birth, but is now a popular figure in the social circles of the Pacific coast. She is fond of outdoor life, however, and is a fine horsewoman, an expert tennis player and a good shot. With her youth, beauty and many attainments, she is likely to prove a notable figure in the International life of Mexico and the United States during the next decade. The Coles come from Pasadena, Cal., and their home there is one of the show places of that beautiful city.

RAILROAD WILL MOVE OVER

Tracks Will Make Way for New Boulevard in Home of Pittsburgh's "Ultra Set."

Pittsburgh.—Sewickley, the home of Pittsburgh's "ultra set," has accomplished the unbelievable. To make room for the town's boulevard, which the residents were determined to have, the Pennsylvania Railroad company has agreed to move its main-line tracks from the present right of way to a new route.

Old railroad officials here say that not in the history of railroading in this country have they ever heard of a like instance. The new boulevard is to cost \$1,500,000, and is to run through the boroughs of Edgeworth and Sewickley for a distance of three miles.



"He Had Both Paws Working Overtime, and Such a Knuckle Twisting No Mortal Man Ever Indulged in Before."

Into the next room came Alice and Peaches and sat down for their usual cackle.

Bunch and I started from our reveries when we heard Alice say to Peaches, "You don't know what a source of comfort it has been to me to realize that Bunch doesn't know a blessed thing about the tango or any of those hatefully intimate new dances."

"The same with me, Alice," friend wife chimed in. "I believe if John were to suddenly display ability to dance the tango I'd be broken-hearted. Naturally, I'd know that he must have learned it with a wicked companion in some lawless cabaret. And if he frequented cabarets without my knowledge—oh, Alice, what would I do?"

I looked at Bunch, he looked at me and then we both looked out the window.

"For my part," Alice went on; "I trust Bunch so implicitly that I don't even question his motive when he telephones me he has to take dinner in town with a prospective real estate customer."

"And I know enough of human nature," Peaches gurgled, "to be sure that if either one of them could tango he would be crazy to show off at home. I think we're very lucky, both of us, to have such steady-going husbands, don't you, Alice?"

At this point Aunt Martha buzzed into the other room and the cackle took on another complexion.

In the meantime Bunch and I had passed away.

"It's cold turkey!" I whispered.

"I've been in the refrigerator for ten minutes and I'm chilled to the bone," Bunch whispered back.

"Can we get our coin away from Ikey?" I asked.

The next morning we had Ikey Schwartz for luncheon with us at the St. Astorbilt. The idea being to dazzle him and get a few of the iron men back.